

THE Second part
OF
CRAFTY CRUMWELL
OR
OLIVER
IN HIS GLORY AS KING
A Trage Commedie

Wherein is presented, the late treasonable undertakings, and proceedings, of the Rebels, their murdering of Capt. *Burley*, with their underhand workings to betray their KING.

Written by *Marcurius Pragmaticus.*

Sit round, and let us Treason talke
against the Hostes of our King.
Tis dangerous abroad to walke
and not returne againe.

Here wee can freely sit and sing,
In a melistis is tone,

And drink full cups unto the King,
Wishing him in his Throne.

Confusion, Horror, Dreadfull Hell
upon the Rebels wait
So let them piſe, who durst Rebel:
and govern by deceit.

The Crimson Deuill walloy now
In pride, and Luxurie
But let their plots Dissect I vow,
and whip their Treacherie.

Non ego pro nihilo, Carcere clausus ero.

LONDON, Printed in the yeare, 1648.

THE PROLOGVE.

IF you were pleas'd before how much more now
 Must you needs smile, and your applause allow.
 When you behold *Barkstead* a Courtier gay,
 Who was a Plow-boy, but the other day.
 And *Raignsborough*, a Skippers boy to Raigne;
 Vice-Admirall, on Froathie *Neptunes* maine.
Burleigh's illegall Triall (wonderous thing)
Oliver, Metamorphiz'd, to a King.
 With various passages, that will invite,
 Your sence at once to wonder and delight.
 Here then with candar; but be rul'd by me,
 Speake not a worde, what er'e you heare or see.
 For this Auther, bid me to you say,
 Heed live, to see this plaid another day.

Dramatis Personæ.

Cromwell, *Fairfax*,
Ismeno an Independent,
Solen a Royalist,
 The 3 Furies *Megara*, *Tysiphone*, *Alceste*.
Capt. Burleigh, a Judge, a Jurie.
Harry Martin, *Col. Pride*,
Ireton, *Ioice*, *Col. Raignsborough*,
 2 Sailors, Servants, Muley, Chorus.

To

To the Readers of my former peece.

ONce more I come againe, for tis not all
 The threats the Members use, can me fore-stall :
 When mov'd with spleene, I justly on the Stage,
 Do whip the crimes of this Vicious Age.
 And tis but requisite, that those who do
 Open offences, should in publique too.
 See themselves laught at, and be made a scorn
 To those Plebeians, have their burthens borne.
 And though their Ignorance, prevaileth so.
 They hate those Lines, doe from the learned flow.
 Have Voted downe all Plaies, on this pretence
 Their Scenes are lavish, and so God offence.
 Yet let them know St Paul himselfe had Read
 And weigh, what learn'd Epemerides said.
 Yea, and that same Apostle, held it fit
 To grace that Poets Lines, in holy writ.
 What other doth a Commedie expresse
 Then Lovers Blisse, or their Vnhapinesse,
 What doth the Stately Tragedie set downe
 But Vices punishment, and vertues Crowne,
 and then if so, yee Dolts, how doe you dare
 So to wound Learning and those learned are.
 Let the whole crowd of Poets, SENECA
 SOPHOCLES, SHAKSPEARE, JOHNSON now in clay.
 EVRIPIDES, with famous WEBSTER, and
 SVCKLIN, and GOFFE, leave the Elician Land.
 And hurrying hither, with their Delphick baies,
 Blast their black soules, who do despise their laies,
 But stay, I hold you now so long at Gate
 Enter all you, that love the muses state.
 And if you like it, love him that unknowne
 Writes for your sellace, somewhat for his owne.

A Cretian Poet.

Vale.



CRAFTY CROMVELL

Or O L F V E R in his

Glorie.

Secunda pars.

(ACTVS PRIMVS)

Enter *Ismeno*, an Independent; *Solon* A Royalist.

Ismeno.

VWell be it as you said concerning King, and that our *Charles*; is free from those great crimes, the Houses charge him with, yet doe you think we cannot without him live, and thrive.

SOLON; surely no; hee is the head, and we the members be, he is our Father, and wee are his Children, Kings of their Kingdomes as the Centers are, to which each weightie thing it selfe exposes for as all mighty Rivers, flowing streames, the liquid powers what ere they be, do seek in sundry parts by severall currents, great *Neptunes* bosome who as a Steward of the tumid deeps, doth send them back by many secret windings, and as fame tell us, when the moisture needs, send forth her humed treasures to refresh the Sun-burnt parched plains, so are Kings breasts, the depths where daily flow clear streams of knowledge, for he that hath Intelligence over all, doth commonly communicate to Kings, all accidents of weight perchance may happen, no doubt great *Love* since they supply his place, so with their charge to make their vertues even, doth give them supernaturall preciencie, and were not our State-mongers grossly blinded, they would perceive the
vertues

vettues of their Sovereigne, and bow to CHARLES their King, as best of Princes, but their black soules are so overwhelmed with guilt, they dare not to be reconcild unto him, and rather then they meet deserved *Despay*, they will be perjur'd, both to God and man, which while they do, *England* sweats blood, bathing it selfe in teares, yet thus twill bee

Untill the powers, shew more benignity,
The worlds a *Tenniscourt*, the *Rackets* Fates

Great Kings are Balls, when God will tesse their States.

Ismeno: The King did trust to much unto himselfe, which made him fall into so many snares of all men else, great Monarks have most need, to square their actions, and to weigh their words, Just as the Inferior spears of force do move, as the first framer, doth their course allot, so doth the peoples manners still attend, on what their Prince, most usually doth do, Kings for the use of many are ordain'd, not for to feed themselves luxuriously, keepe Rioters, and Roisters, to attend them, whose pride for to maintaine how oftentimes, have we oth Commualty been rackt and torne? how many Gavestons K. *Charles* once kept, whose words were orders, and whose wills were Lawes, then Shipmoney, and Polemoney together, Subsidies, six at once were not enough, for to maintaine, those Epicures at Court, Kings like the Sun, should quite exhale all mists, which often dimme the eyes of the rude vulgar, as precious stones, are the ornament of Rings, the Stone decorates the Ring, the Ring the hand, so Kings decore the Court, the Court the Kingdome, and as one drop of poison spent alone, infected fountaines doth with venom fill, even so the greatest states by one mans meanes, may be corrupted, tainted above thought.

A vitious Prince, is a contagious ill,

A Basilisk, that all hee sees doth kill.

Solon; Thou art *Ismeno*, all for Anarchy since CHARLES did ebe, thy fortunes have sweld high, tis wealth and honour that your gang adore, and yet that your wild course might darkned be, your care doth seeme, all for your Country bent, then mask with Zeale, your Crimes are counted pure. *A shew of good*

good, doth vulgar minds content, yet this Ile give, as your due Eulogie in all your plots. there's courage Ioynd with art, a slow advice, but quick dispatch, it'd nought but successe, your ends doth iustifie who must command, or come to be accul'd what hainous thing so odious is by nature, that hath not been committed for a crown?

I wonder not, at these insatiate men
They have no other God, but Gold, how then.
Can they be constant who so live by change,
Who sell themselves, sell all nor is it strange.

Ismeno, Well *Royallist*, thou hast now showne thy Zeale, in vindication of thy faulty King, but you, and all your Gang, may talk, not doe, for all the power is our's by Sea and Land, and manure all your hopes of Jockey's ayde, supplies from *France*, and *Spaine*, and *Denmarke* too, *Oliver*, shall be Rector of the Land, what think't it will Jocky come,

Solon. No trust is to be given unto them, for Gold they'l sell their God, for silver pawne their soules.

Their Faith is never firme, their love not bright
As *Ankers* without hold, fires without light.
Nought Constant is below, no not true worth,
It melteth South, and freezeth in the North.

(*exunt.*)

Enter Chorus

The first that spoyld our publike rest,
Was avarice, the greatest pest.
Thou didst disturbe our quiet state
O Monster most insatiate,
This Daughter of sterne *Pluto* still,
Her Fathers Dungeon, strives to fill.
We were all Rich, but not content
And therefore came a parliament.
Who hath Reform'd us of our Lives
Our Goods, our Children, and our Wives
Have quite undone the publike weale
Yet all out of their hearty Zeal,

They

They quite have spoyld, our Church, and Lawes
 Yet this in a most Righteous Cause.
 And to preserve us from decay
 Have ceaz'd on the Militia
 From out his hand who was our father
 Before these Traytors met together.
 and for the Cities Honnour tis
 that now their Mayor, a prisoner is
 While the soole warner in his stead,
 About the street in Pompe is lead.
 But sure this cannot alwaies bee,
 Now let us dare our destinee:
 And since no worse can happen to us,
 Thou *Oliver* canst not undoe us.

Exit.

Actus secundus

Enter *Fairfax* as frighted from his bead a Taper
 in his hand.

Fairfax. CAN Heaven behold one stand to staine these times,
 yet to the Stigian streams, not headlong hurled,
 and can the earth beare him, whose crims are such, that to him-
 selfe he seems a monster, sell, why sends not Heaven to have my
 course confind, a death denouncing flash of rumbling thunder,
 else [roaring terror] clouds of circkling Wind by violence, to
 teare me limb from limb, what corner yet unknown remains for
 me both burnd with rage, and freezing in dispaire where none
 but monsters live, thither Ile goe whom all the world detests, and
 barbarise amongst the brutish beasts, where Tigers rage, roads
 spew and Serpents hisse: But though in scorne vast zone I find
 a field, where Malencholy might a monarch be, while silent desarts
 not a man inhabits, to shrink for horrer, all my strange approch,
 yet of my deeds when all the World doth talke, this cannot raze
 the still proclaimed scrole, since in my breast, I beare my Hell
 about.

about mee, and cannot scape those terrible hem's me round, those
 fearfull monsters of confus'd aspects *Chimera, Gorgon's, Hydra,*
Plutoes Apes, which now at midnight fearfull mortalls fright,
 their diuinish forms which doe the VWorld confound, not halfe
 so horrid as my selfe I deeme; when on my owne deformities I
 gaze, amidst black depth, of a polluted mind, yet whether it was
 Fortune, or my Fate, or some Hell Hig, that did so cause my spleen
 to rise in arms against my gracious King, and having him subdued,
 to shut him up, close prisoner, under a dire restraint; O Plague
 abhord, I have undone the land, and am the shod
 Instru- - - - ment of all their harmes; then Moun- - - - vaults
 tains fall, and bruse me, by your rounds, with - - - opens.
 my offence, no torment can be leuen: now on earth hee

Arch Traitor to my King, ile stand alone; no need
 Here, though *Pandorus* plagues were all in one.

While he is in this Furie, arise the three Furies of hell, *Megara*
Tisiphone, and *Erebo*, they dance about him, to a kind of horrid
 noise, singing this song

Megara 1
Horror, death, and Dismall houses,
Such as are sent, from damned souls;
Shreeking, Yellings, forced groans,
Able to rive, the hardest Scons,
Dwells round about thee; for to shooe,
whither thou must shortly goe.

Tisiphone 2
Cromwell shortly, must descend
 And thou accompany thy Friend.
Fire, ardent as the Lemniam flame
Which Buckets full of blood cant tame,
Ascend aloft, in expectation
When you will leave your earthly Station.

Alsto 3
 The sacred guider of the Heaven
 You both, into our hands hath given,
Bellona, and *Erinnis* both,

To Scourge you on, have pledged their troth
 Seeke Plutoes throne for to invade.
 You now must to *Avernas's* shade.

Omnes

There Cataline, you shall behold,
 And mighty *Nimrod*, fam'd of old;
 There *Spartacus*, *catbegus* too,
 With *Bickys* some one like to you,
 Hast, O hast, and come away,
 That hel may keep an holiday.

[*The furies descend*]

Manet Fairfax

Fairfax **O** rigorous Judgment, O outrageous fate, must I
 survive, the Funeralls of my fame, some waile for
 want of freinds, but I of foes, to wound this breast, where all
 hells host doe raigne, what man not wondering, can by deeds
 behold, the providence of all commanding Jove, whose Brazen
 edicts cannot be repulst, when sleep, the Brother most resembling
 death, locks up all others eyes, I am disturbed, with horrid
 Dreams, and dreadfull Visions, sometime me thinks my King
 Plast on his throne, haz past his doom and I must die.

And then soon after fancy doth perswade,

I am surrounded with a multitude,

Heaven ore my head, Hell burnes beneath my feet,

As both infrag'd, to fight with flames would meet.

(*Exit running*)

Enter Chorus

Of all the passions, which possesse the soul,

Ambition most disturbs the mortal mind;

The restless stone that *Sisyphus* doth roule;

Though it be still in us more respect holds

Fairfax is still in state *Cromwell* in power,

The upper house are Peers, the lower they;

All topics turne like the evil flower

that base property, drive their King away.

B

Martin

MARTIN can raile, against the Lords anointed,
And *SAY* revile him, in a fleeing vaine,
Yet how will all their hopes, be disapointed,
When *Iove* shall place him, in his Throne againe.

Then every Traytor, will seeke out a cell
To hide him from his Sovereigns wrathfull looke
But where them holes to find: they shall not tell
They shall desire, but be decide, their booke.

Exit:

Actus Tertius:

Enter Rainsborow drawne in a Chariot, Six Trumpeters sounding before him.

RAINSBOROW.

THAS like great *Caesar*, when hee did triumph, over the severall Nations of the World, that was lately but a Skipper's Boy now Reigne, as King on froathie *Neptunes* brime, prosper mee *Saturne*, and those wicked starres, whose Influence makes Villaines fortunate, the Navy that was lately stild the Kings, is now to be commanded by my will, *CHARLES* is immund, within a Cage of stone, despis'd, contemn'd, and stinted of his fare, while we his Conquerors, live in height of glory Revell Luxuriously, extort even what we please, from those we trample on,
Nor shall thy Fate *O England* it prevent,
But thou shalt ever have A Parliament.

A mutuall band, must made amongst us be, to make one fortune common to us all, and from henceforth, we must be surely fixt, to fall together, or together rise, and now since *CHARLES*, is dead unto his Crowne, weel take his state, yea and his Title too, we must be crown'd, yea and be knowne for Kings, the diadem of greatnesse, is the tower all vulgar Judgements leane on, yet of my thoughts some doubt new counsell chanceth, and with

huge

huge horror, aggravate disgrace, the staine of Treason, still attends our fate, and with our error, burthens, our Posteritie, and we though pompe a space appease our soules shall find afflictions to disturb our Reigne, the sacred title of a Sovereigne doth work a terror, more then can be thought, but how dare my fond thoughts, thus rashly chide mee,

*Drive on, drive on, while Brazen Trumpets sound
He cannot die, whom terror cannot wound.*

Enter two SAILORS.

1. *Sailer*, **G**od save your Excellencie, and send you temperat
2. *Sai.* **G**weather on the Seas.

Rainf. Thanks my kind Subjects, be you true to mee, and weel not feare, Grim Neptunes enmitie, let *Spain* now load the Seas with lazie Hulkes, the Dutch with their broad shallops, yet Maugre all will so guard the Maine, no forraigne force shall land on English ground, yea Gods of Seas, and all you watric powers, be you propitious, let your aid be given, and weel not feare his power that sits in Heaven.

1. *Saylor*, Why beares a noble Gods-head

Exit,

2. *Sailer*, a water Rat in folio doth the
Foole think for ever thus to Lord it.

*The Trumpets
sounding.*

1. *Sailer*, Yes if our Parliament prove everlasting, but they have mortall hearts, and Steele can peirce them, peirce um untill they groane. But lets away, my Cabins are not cleansed, yet I sweare

2. *Sailer*: nor have I hanged the Halfers,

1 Let the earth gape, and quick destruction bring

2 And the Sea swallow, those that hate their King. *Exeunt*

Enter Chorus.

THis Race of *Tarion*, to imbrace the Clouds,
Contemn'd the happy State, wherein they stood,
And to be fam'd, among the Valgar crowds.
Resolve, for to Manure the ground with blood.
Their thrones, they on dead bodies do erect,
While they all feare, as vertue do reject.
While Ireland mourns, In Iron'd with all ills,
Sword, Famine, Fire, confusion, dreadfull sorrow,

B 2

Whil c

While sad complaints, the echoing Heavens fill,
 And aires afflictions take birth with each morrow,
 They busie are, and make it their chief vantage
 To bring us here, to that predicament.

All Lawes Devine, they basely abrogated,
 When Reverend *Land*, was martyrs d by their power,
 All Regall sway, by heavens will created,
 When Noble *Srafford*, fell in euill houre,
 And that all human Lawes they may unkie,
 Therefore ere long, must Learned *Ienkins* die:

Exit.

Actus Quartus,

(A Court)

Enter Captaine *Burley* as to his Tryall,
 a Judge, *Heighes*, *Cooper*, *Knight*, *Brown*,
Barnham, *Andrews*, *Doling*, *Cole*, *Percevall*,
Fisher, *Lipscorn*, *Hiloker*, *Eliot*, *Hunt*,
Smith, *Biddercomb*, *Casbert* Jury-men,
Steele an Attourney, Officers with a guard.

JUDGE

Bring forth the Prisoner, Officer, roome for the Prisoner,
 Beare back those fellows beare back there,

Steele, Why comes he not forward?

Officer, Captaine *Burley*, hold up thy hand, thou art indicted
 by the Name of *Burley* for that thou the said *Bur-*
ley, didst cumultuously and trayterously attempt to raise a party
 so destroy the parliament of England, upon pretence of rescu-
 ing their Prisoner King *Charles* out of their hands, speake art
 thou guilty or not guilty?

Burley, Not guilty, yee Hell-hounds.

(Judge, whispering to *Steele*) art thou sure these men have o-

pen

pen soules: who dare do any thing bee't ne're so wicked.

Steele. Do you doubt um Sir, why these are *Plutoes*. Eldest Sonnes, who had they breasts transparant, would frighten all Mortality to Monsters, I have already told them what to doe, and the reward propos'd them by the state.

Judge. Let us proceed then,

Steel. What canst thou vile *Burley* to excuse thy late most treasonable action.

Burley. to you who are on purpose chosen to receive my innocent life, I am no Traytor, he a Traytor is that doth oppose his Pr, not he that serves him, those whose sworn servants you are, the men whom by all Law, I Traytors call, they that under a pretence of purging errors cleane from our Gods Worshp have op't a gap to all licenciousnesse, Blasphemies and Prophanenesse, those whose pretences, once were for the King, and made their boast to elevate his Thrones above the cheifst of his Ancestors, and yet Imprison him within a Castle, not suffering those that love him to come neere him, those who would seeme to maintaine the power of Parliaments, and yet will suffer none to sit amongst um, that dare but speake one word for an agreement, or stipulation with the King, those who impose each day new Cessements and raxations on the people, for to maintaine their own vile Luxurie, awing them daily with Committee Lawes, who give to those are of their creation, an Ordinance of Indempnity, for Murthers, Treasons, Rapes and Robberies, or whatsoever else, they dare to act, those are the men deserve the Name of Traytors, Grand, Famous, Glorious Traytors.

Steele. Proud soole, thou shalt repent this sawcie Language:

Burley. Repent, do thou repent vile man who darst bee partiall, and urgent against him nere did thee wrong, only to currie favour with my Murtherers, but doe I repeate my thoughts to you, since private hopes your Judgements do bewitch, but yet for such a cause as I maintaine, he that would faint at the conceit of death, is trebly damd, not worthy to survive, except 'mongst Furies, pound me like *Anacharsis* in a mortar, precipitate mee from some pinnacle heate *Phalaris*, his Bull, untill it and throw

me

me in, to bellow out my woes, yet Ile not flinch, nor shall feare
force my tongue, for to recant the least that I have done.

Steele So shall you to your terror find and see

That hee is Martyr'd, dies for Loyaltie.

Steele, Well Sir, your large oration, cannot save your Life,
Nor, no nor the King whom you seeme so to love, was't not e-
nough you durst oppose the States and rise in armes against them
but must now revile them before us, who really adore their vir-
tuall power, O thou incorrigible hatefull Traytor.

Judge, Proceed unto the Sentence, Jury, bring in your Ver-
dict?

Bernham: So cordiall we are unto the States, that had we each
of us his Father here, standing in this mans stead, we would pro-
claime him guilty, right or wrong, we need not go aside for to
confer, we did agree amongst our selves before to find him gui-
ty of high, were he as innocent, as is the light.

Judge, Then take him hence, as a pernicious traytor, to be
hang'd, drawne, and quartered for high treason, and that on

Steele, *Thursday* next, returne him back to Prison *Exit*,

Burley.

I must be so, the Fates do so ordaine,

My fall must help to raise my Souveraigne,

Steele, *Troth I would pittie thy distressed case*

But dare not forfeit the Recorders place. *Exeunt om-*

Enter CHORVS.

nes.

AS those to whom all other things are free;
Must have their life & Reigne both of one date
So private men once grasping Regaltie,
are hardly forc't into their former state.

Our states-men Fortunes, in the Book of Fates,

Is written downe, *Cromwell* shall be a King

Martin the Secratarie to the states

And poore *Tom Fairfax*, *Tom* a Bedlam King.

Both *Joyce* and *Pride*, wish *Ireton* to boot

Are privie Councillors, and counsell well

But if they doe not look, the better too.

The Bonny Blew Caps, will their places sell.

Then

Then Cromwell, Fairfax, Ireton, Ivis, and Pride
 With the whole Knot of Traytors else beside
 Shall wish, they had kept to their pristine state.
 When *hancum tunc*, ends the grand Debate.

Exit

Actus quintus

Recorders, enter Cromwell in state, a Canopie borne over his head, by Harry Martin, Pride, Ireton, and Joyes, they place him in a Throne, and then put a Crowne upon his head, then they all bow the Knee, (aying, (Omnes) long live King OLIVER.

During
 Ceremo
 the Song
 singing

SONG

NOW OLIVER Ascends the throne
 Feare not to tumble downe
 Come all you Furies every one
 And bring the burning Crowne.
 But look how ore thy head doth hang
 A sharp and threatning sword
 Denouncing terror to thy gang
 And thee their perjur'd Lord.
 The furies sally forth of Hell
 Rhamnusia is their guid
 For to chastize those dare Rebell
 Persisting in their pride.
 What follie prompts you yee prophane
 To usurp CHARLES his Right
 But thus you tamper with your fate.
 And play with acconise.

* Love
 * runne

CROMWELL,

Cromwell descends.

Thanks to you all, my faithfull Coadjurors you that resolve
 to live and die with mee this glorious wreath, that circles,
 now

now my temples doth Hieroglyphically shew our *Door*, that
my true case shall still *run* in a Ring for all our preservations
how *Harry* why art thou so sad,

Martin, no thoughts Sir, I heard one sing but now behind the
scene, prophetically appointing at our fall,

Crom: thou art too superstitious, our deare *Harry*, it is not
puffs must shake our resolutions, come sit downe

They sit about a Table.

What shall we do now to *conserve* our Kingdome? what
Lawes shall we invent meet for our purpose.

Pride: The people ever hunger after change, and therefore tis
not heard their lawes to alter.

Justice: VVe must be sure by some queint wise traine, to send
King *Charles* to the invisible land, which may be brought to pass
and yet the vulgar not Imagin it, no not in twelve moneths
after.

Cromwell: I doe applaud thy counsell.

Iveton: Then next we must dissolve this parliament, they have
a name of power which should they once combine against us,
might much obstruct our hope.

Cromwell: Thou speakest all Oracle, come no more of this at
present, wee'l now unto our palace.

And if wee can the peoples pleasures gaine,
Wee may perchance, in peace and quiet Reigne,
Else wee are lost, and O I greatly dread,
At once to loose my Kingdome, and my head.

Exeunt omnes.
Enter Chorus.

VVhy *Oliver*, shouldst thou to high aspire,
Phaeton like, to manage *Charles* his Waine,
When thou art in thou canst not back retire.

That man is mad who glory for to gaine,
Doth cast himselfe upon the Lightning Fire.

Kings do admit no followers if thou Reigne,
When *Charles* must surrender, but I heartily hope

To see him Rule, thou Ruled in a Rope.